

And then, just a few "winks" later
As time flies in Heaven Life,
For a model for "Aunt Crissie"
He just used His "Darling Wife."

JULY 8, 1972

Our Zella neighbor's eighty three,
She don't seem over fifty,
She runs and climbs and shakes the rugs,
She's liberal, but she's thrifty.

She sneaks right in our unlocked door
And leaves a treat delicious,
We taste it and we know it's hers,
She's sweet, and so ambitious.

OUR ORCHESTRA HAD A WRECK

The Fruitland dance let out at last,
The "music" headed home,
The hour was late, musicians tired
The car, allowed to roam.

The "slide trombonist" drove that car,
The Deep Creek road got dreary,
He snoozed a hundredth of a mile,
The rest was rather "skeery".

The horror of them all was that
The man that played the trumpet
Had a tender back, and so
They feared that wreck might bump it!

The artist—violinist
Jumped up quickly in the wreck
And cried, "Where is my feedle?
My poor feedle, heck! oh, heck!"

The unhappy little drummer
Blinked his eyes and said, "How come
You yell about your fiddle
While you're knee-deep in my drum?"

I heard a different version
From each member of the band,
But every one was funny
And they all were sweet and grand,

And now they're all in Heaven
Playing sweetly without pay,
I'll bet they'll let me join them
If I just learn how to play!

AND ALL AGES WORSHIPPED

This was a program on Christmas Eve in Heber First Ward.
We had a proper-aged person for each verse and lovely
music.

(Mother and Babe had a seat of honor).

This babe and mother represent those two
Who gave unselfishly of self and kin
That men might be redeemed from death,
That God might have a Son and conquer sin.

Before them now will pass a few of you
To tell their inmost thoughts, and yours as well
About His birthday on its Holy Eve,
In sweetest reverence each shall briefly dwell.

Dear little Babe, they say You mean so much,
But, really Santa Claus means more to me;
He brings me dolls and games and sweets and such,
I love the beard and bells and fun and tree!
Yet, when I kneel and say my secret prayer
And really pray, like when my dad was sick,
Somehow, Dear Lord, I truly know You're there,
And then I'm sure that You're the one to pick.

Dear Christ Child, I'm a busy boy

With school and friends and girls and fights and bluff,
You shouldn't hope to get much time from me,
That Santa bunk! They can't feed me that stuff!
Yet, still I love that hour at Mother's knee;
She pats my head and tells me of Your birth,
She teaches me to pray, to love the truth,
Then I believe You're tops in all the earth.

Dear Jesus, I'm a maid in love,
I've told him "yes," but asked You first in prayer,
You didn't speak or write or send or come,
I felt Your answer, knew that You were there.
Within Your holy house I'll plight my troth
To him and You, for earth and life beyond;
I ask the role of motherhood and wife,
Pray grant these sacred gifts, this sacred bond.

Dear Christmas Spirit, as I go to serve
In foreign fields in answer to Thy call,
Please help me know and tell the true in heart,
Please give me strength enough to offer all.
Help me to say in word and heart and deed
"The Heavens have opened! Here is Heaven's plan,
Revealed through modern prophet, guided still,
It's yours, receive it! Live it! Every man."

Oh Sacred Spirit, may I please intrude
To ask forgiveness, greatest gift of all?
I've broken many laws I should have kept,
Tonight my selfishness so makes me small.

Tomorrow on "Thy Day" may I be pure
Through love and charity, that gift divine?
Not sanctimonious, I hate a fake!
Tomorrow Lord, may I be truly Thine?

Sweet Christ Child, as I think of you
Your mother's blessings swell my woman's pride,
That mother pure should bear from Sire divine
The Savior of the world, the Sanctified.

I know, through grace, the thrill of nursing babe,
The joy of husband, happiness of youth,
Please help me make their Christmas glow with love,
The love of God, the love of gospel truth.

Spirit of Jesus, I look back tonight
Across long trails from Santa Claus to you:
My baby days, my childhood, youth and love,
My married life, my glory, losses too,
And now, in age, I now that You are there,
Just through that veil, my dear wife's with you too,
Please know that in Thine Own due time
I beg to come and live with her and You.

Jesus of Nazareth, Virgin Mother heart,
Dear Heavenly Father, on this Christmas Eve
We pledge to follow You, true gifts impart,
To conquer sin, to worship, to believe.

In reverent homage now we humbly bow
Before this family, earthly and divine,
We bring our gifts as wise men did of yore,
Not frankincense, our hearts and souls are Thine.

A FAREWELL PARTY AUGUST 25, 1962

Dr. Harold Glenn Clark's room in Glasgow, Scotland.

From all walks of life, Doctor Clark and his wife
Took on our group of thirteen,
They took all of our cares, gave us more than our shares,
The most unselfish couple we've seen.

Now a wee bit of spice, (Violet thinks it's not nice)
"Saran Wrap," "Wax Paper" and "Sand,"
Plumbing, not in the room; heaters, cold as a tomb,
But Scotch tissue was velvet and grand.

"And so on and so on and so on" ... (Driver Joe)

Joe, the driver, his grin, his (1) mil-ek, his gin,

His cast-el, surprises so quaint,
He could shift gears at will, be it language or hill,
And he never scratched tempers nor paint.

Burgomeister Herr Stick wiped the foam away quick
When Hilda requested a dance,
She sleeps, not by two, a good traveler, too,
On cold weather she takes not a chance.

Sister (2) "Anna DePune" who keeps voices in tune
At Bernbaren stood on a chair,
All the peasants and band posed with schooners in hand
When she shot, there was no flasher there.

Jane, the babe of the band with a big book in hand
Was our "student" who kept us informed,
She slept with one eye, kept a smile right near by,
To be near her and know her is grand.

Quiet, sweet and serene, Harold's bookkeeper keen,
This Mary has captured our heart,
She's too perfect for jokes, she at no one takes "pokes,"
Our full love, Mary dear, as we part.

This friend, Rotary Jim, with the fine square cut chin,
And with Webster at his beck and call,
'Tho a landshark and cop, using "Schwepps" as his pop,
He has gained the respect of us all.

Our mama is grand, her great faith helps our band
Using prayer she moves mountains and me,
When she brags of her kids, on your ears close the lids,
Her devotion is something to see.

'Tho much traveled abroad and like peas in a pod
The "sisters" adapted right well,
They could open a shop and come out on top
If they chose their new treasures to sell.

Sister Woolley's white hair brought a look everywhere,
But she bought neither pictures nor slides,

Polynesian tales, pop, and muscles like nails
Made our oldest, our youngest besides.

Mary Condie's a queen in her posture, and keen
She led music and named songs galore,
Just tomorrow, her son! May their meeting be one
They will cherish and love evermore.

Our Augusta withdrew, to her homeland she flew,
She was our interpreter, too,
She is so very (3) klein, so quiet and fine
She's endeared to us all, me and you.

Dear Mary and Glenn, my what "parents" you've been
Your "children" are lucky, you're swell!
This wee token of love wishes more from above,
"Wiedersehen," "cheerio" and "farewell."

It was then our privilege to present the tartan blanket from
the Scotch mills to the Clarks.

(1) Joe pronounced many words just a little differently such
as milk and castle.

(2) Of course we know Anna's name is DeBruin, but we all
called her DePune and she didn't seem to mind.

(3) Klein in German means little.

AUNT ANNIE HOLMAN'S LAP JUNE 1941

A tribute read as a part of a funeral speech.

Aunt Annie's was a spacious lap
Both figurative and true,
With ample space for all her own
And then, still space for you.

Her mother-heart was in that lap,
You didn't have to be
A perfect boy to take that seat,
It even cuddled me.

Her bishop and her president,
Her thoughtless girl or boy
Would try to make improvement
From moments of that joy.

On two or three choice, sacred days
She gave a holy kiss,
This said, "You can and will succeed,"
(The scripture speaks of this).

No troubles from her lap were poured,
These she received, not gave
Although her life was with them filled
From cradle to her grave.

When Father calls me to come "Home"
And earthly troubles wrap,
I hope choice moments I may pause
On Aunt Annie Holman's lap.

SPEECH AT A COMMUNITY MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM IN PLEASANT GROVE CEMETERY, 1946

Fellow pilgrims to this sacred, little shrine; fellow mourners; fellow believers in tomorrow—both here and hereafter—I greet you.

Just before the oldest of you was born, our fathers cleared a little clump of sagebrush near this spot; and, while patient oxen chewed their cud and swished the flies, they dedicated this choice place between the big mountain and the little sea, as a place of rest and mourning, and comfort and love and faith; and then they buried their dead.

Surrounding these pioneers lurked enemies so legion that men of intelligence, not blessed with the eye of faith, passed greedily on to the choice, easy land and climate of the western coast. But, the enemy stayed! The cricket, the hopper, the deadly rattler, the periodic drought, the redman (bitter from cruelty and misunderstanding), severe cold of winter, starvation, disease, accident, child-bearing without skilled help; all these stayed as a challenge to the very hearts

of the brave.

Well, they did it. This pretty little park, these fruitful acres, attest to their success and to the success of their children, and now we, their grandchildren, standing at the middle of life, with our children bearing children, face a world newer and stranger than the one they conquered.

Twice in our adulthood have we fought a war that threatened total destruction. Victorious we now return from the battle, but we dare not sheath our swords. From behind modern sages and rocks peep some of our old enemies, with new weapons. With them lurk new treacheries of unmeasured cleverness and strength. Our wild red brother is not with them, but his brother, with a skin of black and a hope of what terms "equal rights," and a history of generations of bitterness, he is there. Near him is another brother, he of the tribe of Judah, the "hiss and by word" of the scriptures. Oh, yes, peeping with a savage grin is still the famine of bread. He has all of his old lieutenants and a host of new. Among these we see gigantic labor unions; staggering industrial monopolies, standing at sword points with these unions, equally guilty of greed; political corruption and coercion; the threat of an international curse by liquor; the dragon of divorce; the debasing of womanhood from normal motherhood and family life to the raising of dogs or of a single, selfish child; the atomic giant which would have frozen the lips of Paul Bunyan; the rocket world; the insidious sin of unnecessary dependence upon charity and naming it a fancy name in an effort at justification. Enough!

The crickets and hoppers, yes, the rattlers look like house pets! Can we do it? Dear God, He who guided the pilgrims; the revolutionary fathers; the saving of the union; the trek of the Mormon Pioneers; the work of our hallowed Pleasant Grove fathers, please guide us still. Help us be great through righteousness and faith. Bless our still great nation, and help us to overcome her ills and amputate her cancerous growths before the roots reach into the body-heart.

With Thy help only can we do it. With our help only, can it

be done by Thee. Today, like our grandfathers and grandmothers, we peep through our fingers during this prayer and we are frightened of our enemies. With Thy help we shall conquer them as did these honored dead.

We promise this humbly, and in the name of Jesus Christ,

Amen

FEBRUARY 12, 1975

Dear Montana:

When I got your clever note
"Old Man Stupid" had my goat,
I was praying I could die,
Jealous of each "passer by,"

Really sorry for myself
I aroused from "Satan's shelf"
Thought of clever answers, then
Went right back to sleep again,

But, your card that came right now
Found me better, and I vow
I can "spar" again with you,
Hope you'll know it 'fore I'm through!

I hope I can go again
To a shady, oakey glen,
Find "rich compost" molding there
Waiting for another flare.

If you claim a "verb" a noun,
Like Old Wally, you'll be down,
If a proper noun you pull
You'll be dealing with a bull.

If you try to vamp on me
I'll tell Violet and you'll see

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What Swede love is all about,
She will turn you inside out,

If we need a referee

Donna wouldn't do, you see
She'd lean with me, now I'm lean,
Sister love is pretty keen.

Love,
Joe and Violet

A DREAM OF REPENTANCE AUGUST, 1974

After serious study with Mama on Ezekiel's teachings on repentance for Sunday School class, I was restless and had many senseless dreams. Then one that pertained came before me vividly and seems worth recording.

With granddaughter, Linda, I was in a great room on a high platform, and we overlooked a gigantic map of the world. Linda took my hand and asked seriously, "Grandpa, you have traveled much. What is the very best trip you have ever made in your life?"

I studied hard before responding, and I suppose I was as surprised at my answer as was she. I thought of my first mission in Indiana, of my mission with Mom to Texas, of our trips over the United States, into Canada and Mexico, of our wonderful visit to Europe and to Mama's birthplace, to the South Sea Islands and New Zealand to get June from her mission ... then ...

Then started to come the choice ...

Possibly a sweet, several days trip by team and wagon with our parents and family as we were growing up, to Strawberry Valley before the reservoir—or to the lake or canyon with them—or hunting and fishing with my boys and friends—or two trips with Mom and part of you to world fairs—or yearly trips with you all into the High Uintahs—"Oh, Linda! I know, I know ..."

I pointed to pretty Tryol Lake and said happily, "That trip when Mary, then a student nurse, said, 'Daddy, may I try

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